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DIVINE EMBLEMS:

OR,

TEMPORAL THINGS

SPIRITUALIZED.

FITTED FOR THE USE OF

Boys and Girls.

By JOHN BUNYAN.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. MAWMAN, IN THE POULTRY,
BY JOHN ABRAHAM, CLEMENT'S LANE.

1802.



TO THE
R E A D E R.

COURTEOUS READER,

THE title-page will shew, if thou wilt look,
Who are the proper subjects of this book.
They're boys and girls, of all sorts and degrees,
From those of age to children on the knees.
Thus comprehensive am I in my notions,
They tempt me to it by their childish motions.
We now have boys with beards, and girls that be
Huge as old women, wanting gravity.

Then do not blame me, since I thus describe
'em,

Flatter I may not, lest thereby I bribe them
To have a better judgment of themselves,
Than wise men have of babies on the shelves.
Their antic tricks, fantastic modes and way
Shew they like very boys and girls do play
With all the frantic fooleries of the age,
And that in open view, as on a stage;
Our bearded men do act like beardless boys,
Our women please themselves with childish toys.

Our ministers long time by word and pen
Dealt with them, counting them not boys, but men:
They shot their thunders at them and their toys,
But hit them not, 'cause they were girls and boys.

..... even heavier, that I save the
now with them the very Dotril play.
and since at gravity they make a tush,
y very beard I cast behind a bush,
and like a fool stand sing'ring of their toy:
and all to shew they are but girls and boy.

Nor do I blush, altho' I think some may
call me a child, because I with them play:
in to shew them how each single fangle
which they doat, does but their souls entrap
with a web, a trap, a gin, a snare,
I will destroy them, have they not a care

Paul seem'd to play the fool, that he might
see that were fools indeed, if not in grain
hid it by such things, to let them see
their emptiness, their sin and vanity:
able act, and full of honesty !

nor he, nor I would like them be in vice

TO THE READER.

V

Wherefore if men inclined are to look,
Perhaps their graver fancies may be took
With what is here, tho' but in homely rhimes ;
But he who pleases all must rise betimes.
Some, I persuade me, will be finding fault,
Concluding, here I trip, and there I halt :
No doubt some could those grov'ling notions raise
By fine-spun terms, that challenge might the bays.

Should all be forc'd their brains to lay aside
That cannot regulate the flowing tide ;
By this or that man's fancy we should have
The wise, unto the fool, become a slave.
What tho' my text seems mean, my morals be
Grave, as if fetch'd from a sublimer tree.
And if some better handle can a fly,
Than some a text, wherefore should we deny
Their making proof, or good experiment,
Of smallest things, great mischiefs to prevent ?

Wise Solomon did fools to pismires send,
To learn true wisdom, and their lives to mend.
Yea, God by swallows, cuckows, and the as,
Shews they are fools who let that season pass,
Which he put in their hands, that to obtain,
Which is both present and eternal gain.

I think the wiser sort my rhyme may slight,
While I peruse them, fools will take delight.
Then what care I ? the foolish, God has chose ;
And doth by foolish things, their minds compose,
And settle upon that which is divine :
Great things, by little ones, are made to shine.

TO THE READER.

I could, were I so pleas'd, use higher strains;
And for applause on tenters stretch my brains;
But what needs that? the arrow out of sight,
Does not the sleeper, nor the watchman fright;
To shoot too high doth make but children gaze,
'Tis that which hits the man doth him amaze.

As for the inconsiderabilities
Of things, by which I do my mind express:
May I by them bring some good thing to pass,
As Samson, with the jaw bone of an ass;
Or as brave Shangar with his ox's goad,
(Both things unmanly, not for war in mode)
I have my end, tho' I myself expose:
For God will have the glory at the close.

J. B.

DIVINE EMBLEMS:

OR,

TEMPORAL THINGS

SPIRITUALIZED, &c.

I.

Upon the barren Fig-Tree in God's Vineyard.



WHAT barren here! in this so good a
soil?
The sight of this doth make God's heart recoil
From giving thee his blessing, barren tree;
Bear fruit, or else thine end will cursed be!!

Art thou not planted by the water-side ?
Know'st not thy Lord by fruit is glorify'd ?
The sentence is, Cut down the barren tree :
Bear fruit, or else thine end will cursed be !

Thou hast been digg'd about and dunged too,
Will neither patience, nor yet dressing do ?
The executioner is comè, O tree !
Bear fruit, or else thine end will cursed be !

He that about thy roots takes pains to dig,
Would, if on thee were found but one good fig,
Preserve thee from the axe : but, barren tree,
Bear fruit, or else thy end will cursed be !

The utmost end of patience is at hand,
'Tis much if thou much longer here doth stand.
O cumber-ground, thou art a barren tree ;
Bear fruit, or else thy end will cursed be !

Thy standing, nor thy name will help at all ;
When fruitful trees are spared, thou must fall.
The axe is laid unto thy roots, O tree !
Bear fruit, or else thy end will cursed be.

II.

Upon the Lark and the Fowler.

THOU simple bird, what makes thee here to play !

Look, there's the fowler ; pr'ythee come away.
Do'ft not behold the net ? Look there 'tis spread,
Venture a little further thou art dead.

Is there not room enough in all the field,
For thee to play in, but thou needs must yield
To the deceitful glitt'ring of a glafs,
Between nets plac'd, to bring thy death to pass ?

Bird, if thou art so much for dazzling light,
Look, there's the fun above thee : dart upright
Thy nature is to foar up to the sky,
Why wilt thou then come down to the nets and die ?

Heed not the fowler's tempting flatt'ring call ;
This whistle he enchanteth birds withal :

What tho' thou see'ſt a live bird in his net,
She's there because from thence she cannot get.

Look how he tempteth thee with his decoy,
That he may rob thee of thy life, thy joy.
Come, pr'ythee bird, I pr'ythee come away,
Why should'ſt thou to this net become a prey?

Had'ſt thou not wings, or were thy feathers
pull'd,
Or wast thou blind, or fast asleep wer't lull'd,
The case would somewhat alter, but for thee,
Thy eyes are ope', and thou hast wings to flee:

Remember that thy song is in thy rise,
Not in thy fall; earth's not thy paradise.
Keep up aloft then, let thy circuits be
Above, where birds from fowlers nets are free.

COMPARISON.

This fowler is an emblem of the devil,
His nets and whistle, fingers of all evil.
His glass an emblem is of sinful pleasure,
Decoying such who reckon sin a treasure.

This simple lark's a shadow of a saint,
Under allurings, ready now to faint.
What you have read, a needful warning is,
Design'd to shew the soul its share and bliss,
And how it may this fowler's net escape,
And not commit upon itself this rape.

III.

Upon the Vine Tree.

WHAT is the vine more than another
tree?
Nay most, than it, more tall, more comely be?
What workman thence will take a beam or pin,
To make out which may be delighted in?
Its excellency in its fruit doth lie:
A fruitless vine it is not worth a fly.

COMPARISON.

What are professors more than other men?
Nothing at all. Nay, there's not one in ten,
Either for wealth, or wit, that may compare,
In many things, with some that carnal are:
Good then they are, when mortify'd their fin,
But without that, they are not worth a pin.



HE egg's no chick by falling from the
Nor man a Christian 'till he's born aga

he egg's at first contained in the shell:
afore grace, in fins and darkness dwell.
egg, when laid, by warmth is made a chi
Christ by grace the dead in sin does quick
hick at first is in the eell --

But chicks from rotten eggs do not proceed
Nor is an hypocrite a saint indeed.
The rotten egg, tho' underneath the hen,
If crack'd, stinks, and is loathsome unto men.
Nor doth her warmth make what is rotten sound ;
What's rotten, rotten will at last be found.
The hypocrite, sin has him in possession,
He is a rotten egg under profession.

Some eggs bring cockatrices ; and some men,
Some hatch'd and brooded in the viper's den.
Some eggs bring wild fowls ; and some men
there be
As wild as are the wildest fowls that flee.
Some eggs bring spiders ; and some men appear
More venom'd than the worst of spiders are.
Some eggs bring pismires ; and some seem to me
As much for trifles as the pismires be.
And thus do divers eggs form diff'rent shapes,
As like some men as monkeys are like apes,
But this is but an egg, were it a chick,
Here had been legs, and wings, and bones to pick.



METHINKS I see a sight most
All sorts of birds fly in the fir
Some great, some small, all of a dive
Mine eye affecting, pleasant to my m
Look how they wing along the whol
Above the world of worldlings, and
And as they divers are in bulk and h
So are they in their way of flying to
So many birds, so many various thin

Their flying diversly, as we behold,
 Do shew saints joys will there be manifold.
 Some glide, some mount, some flutter and some do,
 In a mixt way of flying, glory too.
 To shew that each shall to his full content,
 Be happy in that heav'ly firmament.

VI.

Upon the Lord's Prayer.



OUR Father which in heaven art,
 Thy name be always hallowed:
 Thy kingdom come, thy will be done;
 Thy heavenly path be followed:
 By us on earth, as 'tis with thee,
 We humbly pray;
 And let our bread to us be giv'n
 From day to day.

Forgive our debts, as we forgive
 Those that to us indebted are:



VII.

Meditations upon the Peep of Day.



T peep of day I often cannot know
Whether 'tis night, whether 'tis day or
nay that I see a little light,
cannot yet distinguish day from night;

VIII.

Upon the Flint in the Water.

THIS flint, time out of mind has there abode,
Where crystal streams make their continual
Yet it abides a flint as much as 'twere, [road,
Before it touch'd the water, or came there.

Its hardness is not in the least abated,
'Tis not at all by water penetrated.
Though water hath a soft'ning virtue in't,
It can't dissolve the stone, for 'tis a flint.

Yea, tho' in the water it doth still remain,
Its fiery nature still it does retain.
If you oppose it with its opposite,
Then in your very face its fire 'twill spit.

C O M P A R I S O N.

This flint an emblem is of those that lie,
Under the word like stones, until they die.

Upon the Syrn in the Water.



THE water is the fish's element:
Take her from thence, none can
prevent;
And some have said, who have transgress'd
As good not be, as to be kept from sin.

The water is the fish's element,
Leave her but there, and she will be cont-
ced. Be who in the moch of life shall sin-

X.

Upon the Swallow.

THIS pretty bird, oh ! how she flies and
sings !
But could she do so if she had not wings ?
Her wings bespeak my faith, her songs my peace ;
When I believe and sing, my doubts cease.



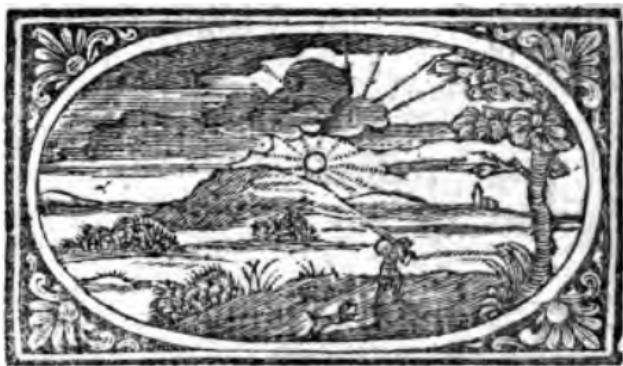
THE bee goes out, and hon
bring ;
And some who seek that honey find
Now wouldst thou have the honey,
From stinging ; in the first place kill

C O M P A R I S O N .

This bee an emblem truly is of sin,

XII.

Upon a low'ring Morning.



WELL, with the day I see the clouds appear ;
 And mix the light with darkness ev'ry where ;
 This threatens those who on long journeys go,
 That they shall meet with slabby rain or snow.
 Else while I gaze, the sun doth with his beams
 Belace the clouds, as 'twere with bloody streams ;
 Then suddenly those clouds do watery grow,
 And weep and pour their tears out where they go.

C O M P A R I S O N.

Thus 'tis when gospel light doth usher in
 To us, both sense of grace, and sense of sin ;
 Yea, when it makes sin red with Jesus' blood,
 Then we can weep, till weeping does us good.

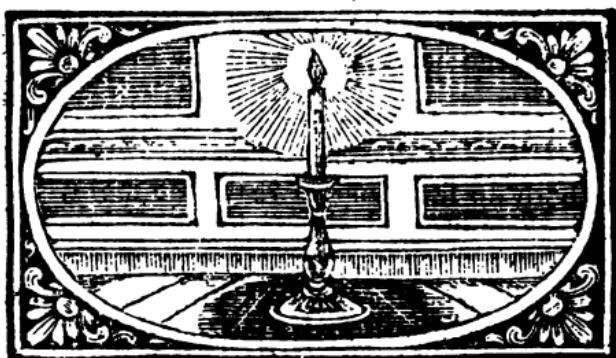


T IS strange to see how over-nice
some
out their clothes, their bodies and their home
while what's of worth, they slightly pass it by,
t doing it all, or slovenly.

Their houses must well furnish'd be in print ;
ile their immortal soul has no good in't.
outside also they must beautify,
le there is in't.

All must be drest t'a hair, or else 'tis naught.
 While of the living bread they have no thought.
 Thus for their outside they are clean and nice,
 While their poor inside stinks with sin and vice.

XIV.

Meditations upon a Candle.

MAN's like a candle in a candlestick,
 Made up of tallow, and a little wick ;
 For what the candle is, before 'tis lighted,
 Just such be they who are in sin benighted.
 Nor can a man his soul with grace inspire,
 More than the candle set themselves on fire.

Candles receive their light from what they are
 not :
 Men grace from him, for whom at first they care
 not.

We manage candles when they take the fire ;
 God men, when he with grace doth them inspire.

And biggest candles give the better light,
As grace on biggest sinners shines most bright.

The candle shines to make another see,
A faint unto his neighbour light should be.

The blinking candle we do much despise,
Saints dim of light are high in no man's eyes.

Again, though it may seem to some a riddle,
We use to light our candle at the middle :
True light doth at the candle's end appear,
And grace the heart first reaches by the ear.

But 'tis the wick the fire doth kindle on,
As 'tis the heart that grace first works upon.
Thus both do fasten upon what's the main,
And so their life and vigour do maintain.

The tallow makes the wick yield to the fire,
And sinful flesh doth make the soul desire,
That grace may kindle on it, in it burn ;
So evil makes the soul from evil turn.

But candles in the wind are apt to flare ;
And Christians in a tempest, to despair.
We see the flame with smoke attended is ;
And in our holy lives there's much amiss.

Sometimes a thief will candle-light annoy :
And lufts do seek our graces to destroy.
What brackish is will make a candle sputter ;
'Twixt fin and grace there's oft' a heavy clutter.

Sometimes the light burns dim, 'cause of the snuff,
And sometimes 'tis blown quite out with a puff;
But watchfulness preventeth both these evils,
Keeps candles light, and grace in spite of devils.

But let not snuffs nor puffs make us to doubt:
Our candles may be lighted, tho' puff'd out.
The candle in the night doth all excel,
Nor sun, nor moon, nor stars, then shine so well.
So is the Christian in our hemisphere,
Whose light shews others how their course to steer.

When candles are put out all's in confusion;
Where Christians are not, devils make intrusion.
They then are happy who such candles have,
All others dwell in darkness and the grave.
But candles that do blink within the socket,
And saints whose eyes are always in their pocket,
Are much alike; such candles make us fumble;
And at such saints, good men and bad do stumble.

Good candles don't offend, except sore eyes,
Nor hurt, unless it be the silly flies:
Thus none like burning candles in the night,
Nor ought to holy living for delight.

But let us draw towards the candle's end:
The fire, you see, doth wick and tallow spend;
As grace man's life, until his glass is run,
And so the candle and the man is done.

The man now lays him down upon his bed;
The wick yields up its fire, and so is dead.
The candle now extinct is, but the man,
By grace mounts up to glory, there to stand.



TW O sacraments I do believe to
Ev'n baptism and the Supper o
Both myst ries divine, wnic h do to m
By G od's app ciat ment, benefit afford

But shall they be my God, or shall
Of them so foul and impious a thought
To thi k what from the curse they can
Bread, wine, nor water me no ransom

XVI.

Upon the Sun's Reflection upon the Clouds in a fair Morning.



LOOK yonder, ah! methinks mine eyes do
see,
Clouds edg'd with silver, as fine garments be!
They look as if they saw the golden face,
That makes black clouds most beautiful with grace.

Unto the saints sweet incense of their prayer,
These smoaky curled clouds I do compare.
For as these clouds seem edg'd, or lac'd with gold,
Their prayers return with blessings manifold.



GOD gave us cloaths to hide our
And we by them do it expose to
Our pride and unclean minds, to an ex
By our apparel we to others shew.

XVIII.

The Sinner and the Spider.*Sinner.*

WHAT black, what ugly crawling thing
art thou?

Spider.

I am a spider-----

Sinner.

A spider, ay; truly a filthy creature.

Spider.

Not filthy as thyself in name or feature:
My name entailed is to my creation;
My feature from the God of thy salvation.

Sinner.

I am a man, and in God's image made,
 I have a soul shall neither die nor fade :
 God has possessed me with human reason,
 Speak not against me, lest thou speakest treason.
 For if I am the image of my maker,
 Of flanders laid on me he is partaker.

Spider.

I know thou art a creature far above me,
 Therefore I shun, I fear, and also love thee.
 But tho' thy God hath made thee such a creature,
 Thou hast against him often play'd the traitor.
 Thy sin has fetch'd thee down : leave off to boast ;
 Nature thou hast defil'd, God's image lost.
 Yea thou, thyself a very beast hast made,
 And art become like grass, which soon doth fade.
 Thy soul, thy reason, yea, thy spotless state,
 Sin has subjected to th' most dreadful fate.
 But I retain my primitive condition,
 I've all but what I lost by thy ambition.

Sinner.

Thou venom'd thing, I know not what to call
 thee ;
 The dregs of nature surely did befall thee ;
 Thou wast compos'd o' th' dross and scum of all,
 Men hate thee, and in scorn thee Spider call.

Spider.

My venom's good for something ; since God made it.

Thy nature sin has spoil'd, and doth degrade it.
 Thou art despoil'd of good : and tho' I fear thee,
 I will not, tho' I might, despise and jeer thee,
 Thou say'ft I am the very dregs of nature,
 Thy sin's the spawn of devils, 'tis no creature.
 Thou say'ft man hates me, 'cause I am a spider,
 Poor man, thou at thy God art a derider ;
 My venom tendeth to my preservation ;
 Thy pleasing follies work out thy damnation.
 Poor man, I keep the rules of my creation,
 Thy sin has cast thee headlong from thy station.
 I hurt nobody willingly ; bat thou
 Art a self-murderer : thou know'ft not how
 To do what's good ; no, for thou lovest evil :
 Thou fly'ft God's law, adherest to the devil.

Sinner.

Thou ill shap'd thing, there's an antipathy
 'Twixt man and spiders, 'tis in vain to lie ;
 Stand off, I hate thee, if thou dost come nigh me,
 I'll crush thee with my foot : I do defy thee.

Spider.

They are ill-shap'd, who warped are by sin,
 Hatred in thee to God hath long time been ;
 No marvel then indeed, if me his creature
 Thou dost defy, pretending name and feature.

I was made for thy pleasure, --

But if thy God thou wilt not hearken !
What can the swallow, ant, and spider do ?
Yet I will speak, I can but be rejected,
Sometimes, great things, by small mea-
fected.

Hark then, tho' man is noble by creat-
He's lapsed now to such degeneration
As not to grieve, so careless is he grown,
Tho' he himself has sadly overthrown,
And brought to bondage every earthly t-
Ev'n from the very spider to the king :

This we poor sensitives do feel and see;
For subject to the curse you made us be.
Tread not upon me, neither from me go
'Tis man which has brought all the woe.

The law of my creation bids me teach
I will not for thy pride to God impeach
I spin I weave. and all to let thee see,

My den, or hole, for that 'tis bottomless,
Doth of damnation shew the lastingness.
My lying quiet till the fly is catcht,
Shews, secretly hell hath thy roin hatcht,
In that I on her seize, when she is taken,
I shew who gathers whom God hath forsaken.
The fly lies buzzing in my web to tell
How finners always roar and howl in hell.

Now since I shew thee all these mysteries,
How canst thou hate me ; or me scandalize ?

Sinner.

Well, well, I will no more be a derider,
I did not look for such things from a spider.

Spider.

Come, hold thy peace, what I have yet to
say,
If heeded, may help thee another day.
Since I am ugly ven'mous creature be,
There's some resemblance 'twixt vile man and
me.

My wild and heedless runnings, are like those
Whose ways to ruin do their souls expose.
Day light is not my time, I work i'th' night,
To shew, they are like me who hate the light.
The maid sweeps one web down, I make another,
To shew how heedless ones convictions smother.
My web is no defence at all to me,
Nor will false hopes at judgment be to thee.

Sinner.

O spider, I have heard thee, and do wonder,
A spider should thus lighten, and thus thunder?

Spider.

Do but hold still, and I will let thee see,
Yet in my ways more mysteries there be.
Shall not I do thee good, if I thee tell,
I shew to thee a four-fold way to hell?
For since I set my web in sundry places,
I shew men go to hell in divers traces.

One I set in the window, that I might
Shew some go down to hell with gospel light.

One I set in a corner, as you see,
To shew how some in secret snared be.

Gross webs great store I set in darksome
places,
To shew, how many sin with brazen faces.

Another web I set aloft on high,
To shew there's some professing men must die.
Thus in my ways, God wisdom doth conceal;
And by my ways, that wisdom doth reveal.

I hide myself when I for flies do wait,
So doth the devil when he lays his bait;
If I do fear the losing of my prey,
I stir me, and more snares upon her lay.
This way, and that, her wings and legs I tie,
That sure as she is catch'd, so she must die.

But if I see she's like to get away,
 Then with my venom I her journey stay.
 All which my ways, the devil imitates
 To catch men, 'cause he their salvation hates.

Sinner.

O spider, thou delight'st me with thy skill,
 I pr'ythee spit this venom at me still.

Spider.

I am a spider, yet I can possess
 The palace of a king, where happiness
 So much abounds. Nor when I do go thither,
 Do they ask what, or whence I come, or whither
 I make my hasty travels? no, not they:
 They let me pass, and I go on my way.
 I seize the palace, do with hands take hold
 Of doors, ot locks, or bolts; yet I am bold,
 When in, to clamber up unto the throne,
 And to possess it, as if 't were my own.
 Nor is there any law forbidding me
 Here to abide, or in this palace be.

At pleasure I ascend the highest stories,
 And then I sit, and so behold the glories
 My self is compass'd with, as if I were,
 One of the chiefest courtiers that be there.

Here lords and ladies do come round about me,
 With grave demeanour, nor do any flout me,
 For this my brave adventure, no, not they;
 They come, they go, but leave me there to stay.

Now, my reproacher, I do by all this
 Shew how thou may'it possess thyself of bliss :
 Thou art worse than a spider, but take hold
 On Christ the door thou shalt not be controul'd :
 By him do thou the heavenly palace enter ;
 None e'er will chide thee for thy brave adventure.
 Approach thou then unto the very throne,
 There speak thy mind : fear not, the day's thine
 own.

Not faint, nor angel will thee stop or stay,
 But rather tumble blocks out of the way.
 My venom stops not me ; let not thy vice
 Stop thee ; possess thyself of paradise.

Go on, I say, although thou be a sinner,
 Learn to be bold in faith of me a spinner.
 This is the way true glories to possess,
 And to enjoy what no man can express.

Sometimes I find the palace door up-lockt,
 And so my entrance thither has up-blockt.
 But am I daunted ? No, I here and there
 Do feel and search ; and so if any where,
 At any chink or crevice find my way,
 I crowd, I press for passage, make no stay :
 And so thro' difficulty I attain
 The palace, yea, the throne where princes reign.

I crowd sometimes, as if I'd burst in sunder :
 And art thou crush'd with striving, do not wonder.
 Some scarce get in, and yet indeed they enter ;
 Knock, for they nothing have, that nothing ven-
 ture.

Nor will the King himself throw dirt on thee,
As thou hast cast reproaches upon me,
He will not hate thee, O thou foul backslider !
As thou didst me because I am a spider.

Now, to conclude : since I much doctrine bring,
Slight me no more, call me not ugly thing.
God wisdom hath unto the pismire given,
And spiders may teach men the way to heaven.

Sinner.

Well, my good spider, I my errors see,
I was a fool for railing so at thee.
Thy nature, venom, and thy fearful hue,
But shew what sinners are, and what they do.

Thy way, and works do also darkly tell,
How some men go to heaven, and some to hell.
Thou art my monitor, I am a fool ;
They may learn, that to spiders go to school.



BUT all this while, where's he whose
rays
Drives night away, and beautifies our day?
Where's he whose goodly face doth w^t
heal,
And shews us what the darksome nights can
Where's he that thaws our ice, drives cold
et's have him, or we care not for the da

These stanzas with those who are most fit for me

XX.

Of the Mole in the Ground.



THE mole's a creature very smooth and slick,
She digs i'th' dirt, but 'twill not on her
stick.

So's he who counts this world, his greatest gains,
Yet nothing gets but labour for his pains.

Earth's the mole's element, she can't abide
To be above ground, dirt heaps are her pride ;
And he is like her, who the worldling plays,
He imitates her in her works and ways.

Poor silly mole, that thou should'st love to be,
Where thou, nor sun, nor moon, nor stars can't
see.

But oh ! How silly's he, who doth not care
So he gets earth, to have of heav'n a share !



THOU booby, say'ſt thou nothing
Cuckoo?
The Robin and the Wren can thee out-do.
They to us play thorough their little throats.
Not one, but sundry pretty tuneful notes.
But thou haſt fellows, ſome like thee can do
Little but ſuck our eggs, and ſing Cuckoo.

Thy notes do not firſt welcome in our ſpri

But thou hast fellows, some like thee can do
Little but suck our eggs, and sing Cuckoo.

Since Cuckoos forward not our early spring,
Nor help with notes to bring our harvest in;
And since while here, she only makes a noise,
So pleasing unto none as girls and boys,
The Formalist we may compare her to,
For he doth suck our eggs, and sing Cuckoo.

XXII.

Of the Boy and Butter-fly.



B EHOLD how eager this our little boy
Is for this Butter-fly, as if all joy,
All profits, honours, yea and lasting pleasures,
Were wrapt up in her, or the richest treasures
Found in her, would be bundled up together,
When all her all is lighter than a feather.

D 3

He holloos, runs, and cries out, Here boys,
here,
Nor doth he brambles or the nettles fear :
He stumbles at the mole-hills, up he gets,
And runs again, as one bereft of wits ;
And all his labour and this large out-cry,
Is only for a silly Butter-fly.

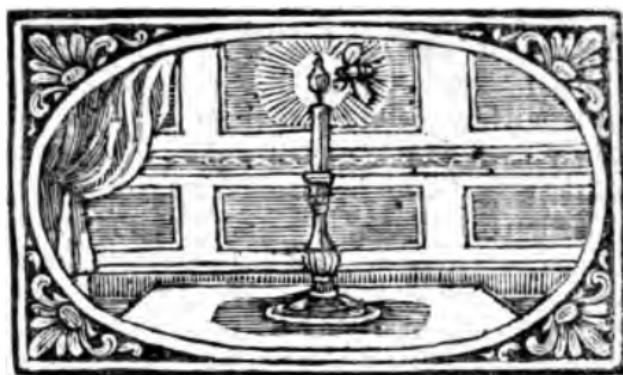
COMPARISON.

This little boy an emblem is of those,
Whose hearts are wholly at the world's dispose,
The Butter-fly doth represent to me,
The world's best things at best but fading be ;
All are but painted nothings and false joys,
Like this poor Butter-fly to these our boys.

His running thorough nettles, thorns and briars,
To gratify his boyish fond desires ;
His tumbling over mole-hills to attain
His end, namely his Butter-fly to gain ;
Doth plainly shew what hazards some men run,
To get what will be lost as soon as won.
Men seem in choice, than children far more wise,
Because they run not after Butter-flies :
When yet alas ! for what are empty toys,
They follow children, like to beardless boys.

XXIII.

Of the Fly at the Cand'l'e.



WHAT ails this fly thus desperately to
enter
A combat with the candle? Will she venture
To clash at light? Away thou silly Fly;
Thus doing thou wilt burn thy wings and die.

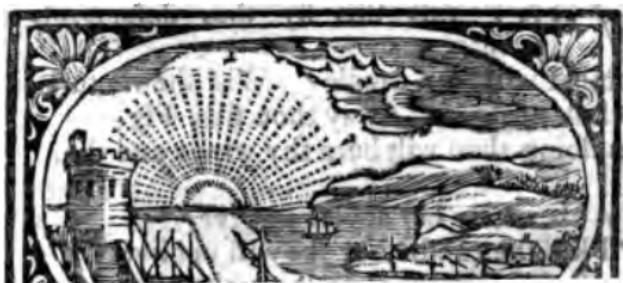
But 'tis a folly her advice to give,
She'll kill the candle, or she will not live.
Slap, says she at it: then she makes retreat,
So wheels about, and doth her blows repeat.

Nor doth the candle let her quite escape,
But gives some little check unto the ape:
Throws up her nimble heels, and down she falls,
Where she lies sprawling, and for succour calls.

This candle is an emblem of that light,
Our gospel gives in this our darksome night,
'He Fly a lively picture is of those
'hat hate, and do this gospel-light oppose.
t last the gospel doth become their snare,
'oth them with burning hands in pieces tear.

XXIV.

On the Rising of the Sun.



Yea he doth compas us around with glories,
Whilst he ascends up to his highest stories;
Where he his banner over us displays,
And gives us light to see our works and ways.

Nor are we now, as at the peep of light,
To question, is it day, or is it night?
The night is gone, the shadow's fled away,
And now we are most certain that 'tis day.

And thus it is when Jesus shews his face,
And doth assure us of his love and grace.

XXV.

Upon the promising Fruitfulness of a Tree.



A Comely sight indeed it is to see
A world of blossoms on an apple-tree:
Yet far more comely would this tree appear,
If all its dainty blooms young apples were.

But how much more, might one upon it see,
 If all would hang there till they ripe should be.
 But most of all in beauty would abound,
 If every one should then be truly found.

But we, alas ! do commonly behold
 Blooms fall apace, if mornings be but cold.
 They (too) which hang till they young apples
 are,
 By blasting winds and vermin take despair ;
 Store that do hang, while almost ripe, we see
 By blust'ring winds are shaken from the tree.
 So that of many, only some there be,
 That grow and thrive to full maturity.

C O M P A R I S O N.

This tree a perfect emblem is of those
 Which do the garden of the Lord compose.

Its blasted blooms are motions unto good,
 Which chill affections do nip in the bud.

Those little apples which yet blasted are,
 Shew, some good purposes, no good fruits bear.
 Those spoil'd by vermin are to let us see,
 How good attempts by bad thoughts ruin'd be.

Those which the wind blows down, while they
 are green,
 Shew good works have by trials spoiled been.
 Those that abide, while ripe upon the tree,
 Shew, in a good man, some ripe fruit will be.

Behold then how abortive soime fruits are,
Which at the first most promising appear.

The frost, the wind, the worm, with time doth
shew,
There flow from much appearance works but few.

XXVI.

Upon the Thief.



THE thief, when he doth steal, thinks he doth
gain,
Yet then the greatest loss he doth sustain.
Come, thief, tell me thy gains, but do not faulter,
When sum'd, what comes it to more than the
halter?

Perhaps thou'l say, the halter I defy:
So thou may'st say, yet by the halter die.

Thou'l say, then there's an end; no, pr'ythee hold,
He was no friend of thine that thee so told.
Hear thou the word of God, that will thee tell,
Without repentance, thieves must go to hell.
But should it be as thy false prophet says,
Yet nought but loss doth come by thievish ways.

All honest men will flee thy company,
Thou liv'ft a rogue, and so a rogue will die.
Innocent boldness thou hast none at all,
Thy inward thoughts do thee a villain call.

Sometimes when thou ly'ft warmly on thy bed,
Thou art like one unto the gallows led.
Fear as a constable breaks in upon thee,
Thou art as if the town was up to stome thee.

If hogs do grunt, or silly rats do rufle,
Thou art in consternation, think'ft a bustle
By men about the door is made to take thee;
And all because good conscience doth forsake thee.

Thy case is so deplorable and bad;
Thou shunn'ft to think on't, lest thou should'ft be mad:
Thou art beset with mischiefs every way,
The gallows groaneth for thee ev'ry day.

Wherefore, I pr'ythee, thief, thy theft forbear,
Consult thy safety, pr'ythee have a care.

If once thy head be got within the noose,
'Twill be too late a longer life to choose.

As to the penitent thou readest of,
What's that to them who at repentance scoff.
Nor is that grace at thy command or pow'r,
That thou should'st put it off till the last hour.

I pr'ythee, thief, think on't, and turn betime;
Few go to life, who do the gallows climb.

XXVII.

Of the Child with the Bird on the Bush.



MY little bird, how can'st thou sit,
And sing amidst so many thorns?
Let me but hold upon thee get,
My love with honour thee adorns.

E

Thou art at present little worth ;
Five farthings none will give for thee.
But pr'ythee little bird come forth,
Thou of more value art to me.

'Tis true, it is sun-shine to day,
To-morrow birds will have a storm ;
My pretty one come thou away,
My bosom then shall keep thee warm.

Thou subject art to cold o' nights,
When darkness is thy covering ;
At days thy danger's great by kites,
How can't thou then sit there and sing ?

Thy food is scarce and scanty too,
'Tis worms and trash which thou dost eat ;
Thy present state I pity do,
Come, I'll provide thee better meat.

I'll keep thee safe from cat and cur,
 No manner o' harm shall come to thee :
 Yea, I will be thy succourer,
 My bosom shall thy cabin be.

But lo, behold, the bird is gone ;
 These charms would not make her yield :
 The child's left at the bush alone,
 The bird flies yonder o'er the field.

COMPARISON.

This child of Christ an emblem is ;
 The birds to sinners I compare :
 The thorns are like those fins of his,
 Which do surround him ev'ry where.

Her songs, her food, and sun-shine day,
 Are emblems of those foolish toys,
 Which to destruction lead the way,
 The fruit of worldly empty joys.

The arguments this child doth chuse,
 'To draw to him a bird thus wild,
 Shews Christ familiar speech doth use,
 To make to him be reconcil'd.

The bird in that she takes her wing,
 To speed her from him after all :
 Shews us, vain man loves any thing,
 Much better than the heavn'ly call.



THIS Moses was a fair and comely
His wife a swarthy Æthiopian :
Nor did his milk-white bosom change her
She came out thence as black as she went

Miriam was a type of Moses' law.

Therefore as Moses' wife came swarthy in,
 And went out from him without change of skin,
 So he that doth the law for life adore,
 Shall yet by it be left a black-a-moor.

XXIX.

Of the Rose Bush.



THIS homely bush doth to mine eyes expose,
 A very fair, yea comely ruddy rose.

This rose doth always bow its head to me,
 Saying, come pluck me, I thy rose will be;
 Yet offer I to gather Rose or bud,
 Ten to one but the bush will have my blood.

This looks like a trepan, or a decoy,
 To offer, and yet snap, who would enjoy ;
 Yea, the more eager on't, the more in danger,
 Be he the master of it or a stranger.

Bush, why dost bear a Rose, if none must have it,
 Who dost expose it, yet claw those that crave it ?
 Art become freakish ? Dost thee wanton play,
 Or doth thy testy humour tend this way ?

C O M P A R I S O N.

This Rose God's Son is, with his ruddy looks :
 But what's the bush ? whose pricks like tenter-
 hooks,
 Do scratch and claw the finest lady's hands,
 Or rend her cloaths, if she too near it stands.

This bush an emblem is of Adam's race,
 Of which Christ came, when he his Father's grace
 Commended to us in his crimson blood,
 While he in sinners stead and nature stood.

Thus Adam's race did bear this dainty rose,
 And doth the same to Adam's race expose :
 But those of Adam's race which at it catch,
 Them will the race of Adam claw and scratch.

XXX.

Of the going down of the Sun.



WHAT, hast thou run thy race, art going
down ?

Why, as one angry, dost thou on us frown ?

Why wrap thy head with clouds, and hide thy
face,

As threatening to withdraw from us thy grace ?

O leave us not ! When once thou hid'st thy head,
Our horizon with darkness will be spread.

Tell, who hath thee offended, turn again :

Alas ! too late, intreaties are in vain !

COMPARISON.

The gospel here has had a summer's day,
But in its sun-shine we, like fools, did play ;

Or else fall out, and with each other wrangle,
And did, instead of work, not much but
jangle.

And if our sun seems angry, hides his face,
Shall it go down, shall night possess this place?
Let not the voice of night-birds us afflict,
And of our mispent summer us convict.

XXXI.

Upon the Frog.

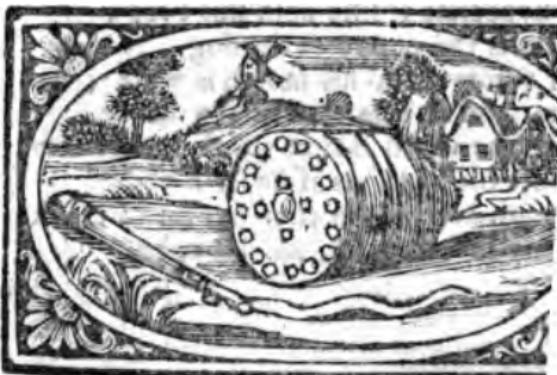
TH E Frog by nature is both damp and
cold.
Her mouth is large, her belly much will hold;

She sits somewhat ascending, loves to be
Croaking in gardens, tho' unpleasantly.

C O M P A R I S O N.

The hypocrite is like unto this Frog ;
As like as is the puppy to the dog.
He is of nature cold, his mouth is wide
To prate, and at true goodness to deride.
And tho' the world is that which has his love,
He mounts his head, as if he liv'd above.
And though he seeks in churches for to croak
He neither loveth Jesus, nor his yoke

Upon the Whipping w - i -



,**T**IS with the whip the boy sets up the
The whip does make it whirl upon
Hither and thither makes it skip and hop
'Tis with the whip, the top is made to go

**Our Legalist is like this nimble top,
he will not duty do.**

XXXIII.

Upon the Pismire.

MUST we unto the Pismire go to school,
To learn of her in summer to provide,
For winter next ensuing ? man's a fool,
Or silly ants would not be made his guide.

But, sluggard, is it not a shame for thee,
To be out-done by Pismires ? Pr'ythee hear :
Their works (too) will thy condemnation be,
When at the judgment-seat thou shalt appear.

But since thy God doth bid thee to her go,
Obey, her ways confider, and be wise :
The Pismires will inform thee what to do,
And set the way to life before thine eyes.



HE wants, he asks, he pleads his pove
They within door do him an alms deny
He doth repeat and aggravate his grief;
If they repulse him, give him no relief.
He begs, they say begone : he will not hear,
He coughs and sighs to shew he still is there ;
They disregard him, he repeats his groans;
How still few now and he himself remains.

COMPARISON.

This beggar doth resemble them that pray
 To God for mercy, and will take no nay ;
 But wait, and count that all his hard gainsays,
 Are nothing else, but fartherly delays :
 Then imitate him, praying souls, and cry :
 There's nothing like to importunity.

XXXV.

Upon the Horse and his Rider.



THERE'S one rides very sagely on the road :
 Shewing that he affects the gravest mode ;
 Another rides tantivy, or full trot,
 To shew with gravity, he matters not.

Lo, here comes one amain, he rides full speed,
 Hedge, ditch, or miry bog, he doth not heed.

C O M P A R I S O N .

Now let us turn our horse into a n
The rider to a spirit, if we can :
Then let us by the methods of the gt
Tell ev'ry horse how he should kno'

Some go as men direct, in a right
Nor are they suffer'd e'er to go astray
As with a bridle they are govern'd v
And so are kept from paths that lead
Now this good man has his especia
Then by his going, let him know

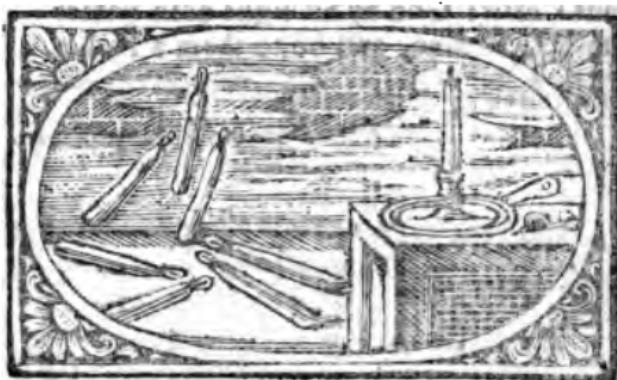
Another goes as if he did not care
Whether of heav'n or hell he should
The rein, it seems, is laid upon his :
And he pursues his way without a ch
Now this man (too) has his especia
And by his going he may know hi

There's one makes head against all godliness
 Those (too) that do profess it he'll distress :
 He'll taunt and flout if goodness doth appear ;
 And those that love it, he will mock and jeer.

Now this man (too) has his especial guider,
 And by his going he may know his rider.

XXXVI.

*Upon the Sight of a Pound of Candles falling
 to the Ground.*



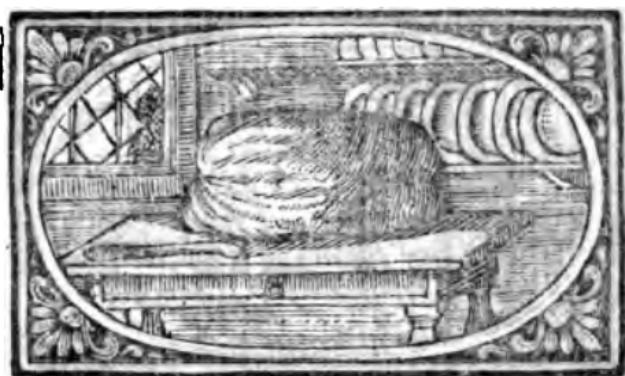
BUT are the Candles down, and scatter'd
 too,
 Some lying here, some there ? What shall we
 do ?
 Hold, light the candle there that stands on high,
 The other candles you may find thereby.

C O M P A N Y . . .

The fallen Candles to us intimate,
The bulk of God's elect in their laps'd
Their lying scatter'd in the dark may
To shew by man's laps'd state his miseri

The Candle that was taken down and
Thereby to find them fallen and benign
Is Jesus Christ: God by his light doth
Whom he will save, and be to them a

XXXVII.

Upon a Penny Loaf.

THY price one penny is, in time of plenty ;
 In famine doubled 'tis from one to twenty.
 Yea, no man knows what price on thee to set,
 When there is but one penny loaf to get.

COMPARISON.

This Loaf's an emblem of the word of God,
 A thing of low esteem ; before the rod
 Of famine smites the soul with fear of death :
 Be then it is our all, our life, our breath.

XXXVIII.

The Boy and Watch-maker.



THIS Watch my father did on me beſtow,

Suppose the balance, wheels and spring be good,
And all things else, unless you understood
To manage it, as watches ought to be,
Your watch will still be at uncertainty.
Come, tell me, do you keep it from the dust,
And wind it duly, that it may not rust?
Take heed (too) that you do not strain the spring;
You must be circumspect in ev'ry thing,
Or else your watch will not exactly go,
'Twill stand, or run too fast, or move too slow.

C O M P A R I S O N.

This boy resembles one that's turn'd from sin;
His watch the curious works of grace within.
The Watch-maker is Jesus Christ our Lord,
His counsel, the directions of his word;
'Then Convert, if thy heart be out of frame,
Of this Watch-maker learn to mend the same.

Do not lay ope' thy heart to worldly dust,
Nor let thy graces over-grow with rust,
Be oft' renew'd in th' spirit of thy mind,
Or else uncertain thou thy watch wilt find.



IN this, see thou thy beauty, hast thou
Or thy defects, should they be few or
Thou may'st (too) here thy spots and
see,
Hast thou but eyes, and what their number?
But art thou blind? There is no looking-g
Can shew thee thy defects, thy spots, or fi-

C O M P A R I S O N.

TI~~n~~to this glas~~e~~ we may

XL.

Of the Love of Christ.

THE love of Christ, poor I ! may touch
upon ;
But 'tis unsearchable. O ! there is none
Its large dimensions can comprehend,
Should they dilate thereon, world without end.

When we had finn'd, he in his zeal did swear,
That he upon his back our sins would bear.
And since to sin there is entailed death,
He vow'd that for our sins he'd lose his breath.

He did not only say, vow, or resolve:
But to astonishment did so involve
Himself in man's distress and misery.
As for, and with him, both to live and die.

To his eternal fame in sacred story,
We find that he did lay aside his glory,
Step'd from the throne of highest dignity,
Became poor man, did in a manger lie ;
Yea, was beholden upon his for bread,
Had, of his own, not where to lay his head :
Tho' rich, he did, for us, become thus poor,
That he might make us rich for evermore.

Yet this was but the least of what he did ;
But the outside of what he suffered.
God made his blessed Son under the law ;
Under the curse, which like the lion's paw,
Did rend and tear his soul, for mankind's sin,
More than if we for it in hell had been.
His cries, his tears, and bloody agony,
The nature of his death doth testify.

Nor did he of constraint himself thus give,
For sin, to death, that men might with him live.
He did do what he did most willingly,
He sung, and gave God thanks that he must die.

Did ever king die for a captive slave ?
Yet such were we whom Jesus dy'd to save.

Yea, when he made himself a sacrifice,
It was that he might save his enemies.

And tho' he was provoked to retract
His best resolves to do so kind an act,
By the abusive carriages of those,
That did both him, his love, and grace oppose :

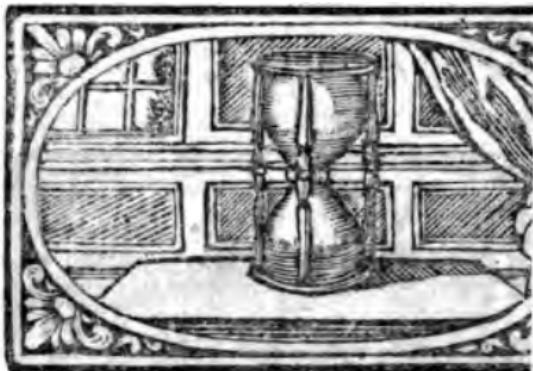
Yet he, as unconcern'd about such things,
 Goe on, determines to make captives kings;
 Yea, many of his murderer's he takes
 Into his favour, and them princes makes.

XLi.

On the Cackling of a Hen.

THE Hen so soon as she an egg doth lay,
 (Spread the fame of her doing what she
 may)
 About the yard a cackling she doth go,
 To tell what 'twas she at her nest did do.

Just thus it is with some professing men,
 If they do ought that's good; they, like our hen,
 Cannot but cackle on't where-e'er they go,
 And what their right hand doth, their left must
 know.



THIS glafs when made, was by the w
skill,
The sum of sixty minutes to fulfil.
Time more, nor less, by it will out be fp
But just an hour, and then the glafs is ru

Man's life we will compare unto this g

XLIII.

Upon a Snail.

SHE goes but softly, but she goeth sure,
She stumbles not, as stronger creatures do ;
Her journey's shorter, so she may endure,
Better than they which do much further go.

She makes no noise, but stilly seizeth on
The flow'r or herb, appointed for her food ;
The which she quietly doth feed upon,
While others range and glare, but find no good.

And tho' she doth but very softly go,
However slow her pace be, yet 'tis sure ;
And certainly they that do travel so,
The prize which they do aim at they procure.

G

1 no' it doth seem the fartheit off to be.

One act of faith doth bring them to
They so long for, that they may eat a
Which to attain is not in others power,
Tho' for it a king's ransom they would

Then let none faint, nor be at all di
That life by Christ do seek, they shall
To have it; let them nothing be afraid
The herb and flow'r are eaten by the fr

XLIV.

Of the Spouse of Christ.



WHO's this that cometh from the wilderness,
Like smoky pillars thus perfum'd with myrrh,
Leaning upon her dearest in distress,
Plac'd in his bosom by the Comforter?

She's clothed with the sun, crown'd with twelve stars,
The spotted moon her footstool she hath made.
The dragon her assaults, fills her with jarrings,
Yet rests she under her beloved's shade.

But whence was she? What is her pedigree?
Was not her father a poor Amorite?
What was her mother but as others be,
A Hittite sinful, poor, and helpless quite.

Yea, as for her, the day that she was born,
As loathsome, out of doors they did her cast ;
Naked and filthy, stinking and forlorn :
This was her pedigree from first to last.

Nor was she pitied in this estate,
All let her lie polluted in her blood :
None her condition did commiserate,
There was no heart that sought to do her good.

Yet she unto these ornaments is come,
Her breasts are fashion'd, and her hair is grown ;
She is made heiress of an heav'nly home ;
All her indignities away are blown.

Cast out she was, but now she home is taken,
Once she was naked, now you see she's clad ;
Now made the darling, though before forsaken,
Bare-foot, but now, as princes daughters shod.

Instead of filth, she now has her perfumes,
Instead of ignominy, chains of gold ;
Instead of what the beauty most consumes,
Her beauty's perfect, lovely to behold.

Those that attend, and wait upon her be
Princes of honour cloth'd in white array ;
Upon her head's a crown of gold, and she
Eats honey, wheat and oil, from day to day.

For her beloved, he's the high'ſt of all,
The only Potentate, the King of kings :
Angels and men do him Jehovah call,
And from him life and glory always springs.

He's white and ruddy, and of all the chief:
His head, his locks, his eyes, his hands and feet,
Do for compleatness out-do all belief,
His cheeks like flowers are, his mouth most sweet.

As for his wealth, he is made heir of all,
What is in heav'n, what is in earth is his:
And he this lady his joint-heir doth call,
Of all that shall be, or at present is.

Well, lady, well, God has been good to thee!
Thou of an out-cast, now art made a queen.
Few or none may with thee compared be,
A beggar made thus high is seldom seen.

Take heed of pride, remember what thou art
By nature, tho' thou hast in grace a share,
Thou in thyself dost yet retain a part
Of thine own filthiness: wherefore beware.

Upon a July m-



HE that can play well on an
Will take the ear, and capt
With mirth or sadness, when it is in
And music into it a way doth find.

But if one hears that hath thereto
... seen music lights of such a ch...
soon he

Whether this man of wrath or grace doth preach,
So skilfully he handles every word,
And by his saying, doth the heart so reach,
That it doth joy or sigh before the Lord.

But some there be, which as the brute doth lie
Under the word, without the least advance ;
Such do despise the gospel ministry :
They weep not at it, neither to it dance.

XLVI.

Of Man by Nature..



FROM God he's a back-sider,
Of ways he loves the wider ;
With wickedness a sider,
More venom than a spider.

XLVII.

Upon the Disobedient Child.



CHILDREN, when little, how do th
us!
When they grow bigger, they begin to

They snap, and snarl, if parents them control,
Altho' in things most hurtful to the soul.

They reckon they are masters, and that we
Who parents are, should to them subject be !

If parents fain would have a hand in chusing,
The children have a heart still in refusing.
They by wrong doings, from their parents
gather,
And say it is no sin to rob a father.
They'll jostle parents out of place and pow'r,
They'll make themselves the head, and them devour.

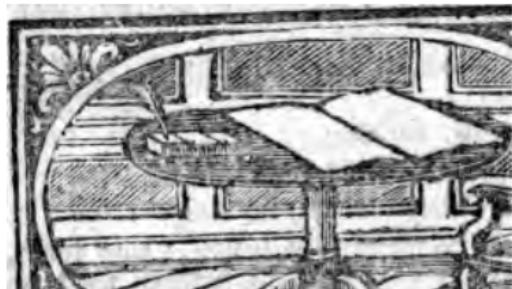
How many children, by becoming head,
Have brought their parents to a piece of bread !
Thus they who at the first were parents joy,
Turn that to bitterness, themselves destroy.

But wretched child, how can't thou thus re-
quite
Thy aged parents, for that great delight
They took in thee when thou, as helpless lay,
In their indulgent bosoms day by day ?
Thy mother, long before she brought thee forth,
Took care thou should'st want neither food nor
cloth.
Thy father glad was at his very heart,
Had he, to thee, a portion to impart.
Comfort they promised themselves in thee,
But thou, it seems, to them a grief will be.
How oft ! How willingly brake they their sleep,
If thou, their bantling, did'st but winch or weep.

But now, behold, how they rewarded
For their indulgent love and tender care
All is forgot, this love they do despise,
They brought this bird up, to pick
eyes.

XLVIII.

Upon a Sheet of White Paper



Each blot and blur, it also will expose
To the next readers, be they friends or foes.

C O M P A R I S O N.

Some souls are like unto this blank or sheet,
(Tho' not in whiteness:) The next man they
meet,
Be what he will, a good man or deluder,
A knave or fool, the dangerous intruder
May write thereon, to cause that man to err,
In doctrine, or in life, with blot and blur.
Nor will that soul conceal wherein it swerves,
But show itself to each one that observes.
A reading man may know who was the writer,
And by the hellish nonsense, the inditer.



WH0 falls into the fire shal:
heat;
While thole remote scorn from it to:
Yea, wh: e thole in it, cry out, Oh
Some farther off those cries to laught

While some tormented are in hell

